## HAYES AT MIDDLETOWN.

How the Ohio Colonel Was Wounded at South Mountain.

BLOODY ENGAGEMENTS.

Reminiscences of His Treatment with a Friendly Family.

#### A REAL LOVE STORY.

I cannot forbear, even at this late day, the pub tion of some interesting events which occurred here during the late rebellion referring directly to the gentleman who has recently been installed as President of

The 14th of September, 1862, was a remarkable Sunday in this old fashioned Maryland village. For almost the first time in a century the churches were closed and clamor and tumult offended the sacred hours.

All through the previous night the rebel army under Lee had been hurrying through the town on its retreat westward across the valley. In the early morning same McClellan's advance guard in hot pursuit, the whole Union army following. A battery, unlimbered, at the western edge of the village harrassed the reced ng columns of the enemy and drew some answering, resentful cannon shots, which crashed through the walls of one or two dwellings. Residents barred their doors and took to the cellars, where horses, poultry, provisions and articles of value were concealed. When they emerged distant artillery peals and volleys of musketry announced the opening of the battle of South Mountain. They waited for the ssue of the engagement with suspense alternating between hope and dismay. Most of them were Unio people. Middletown had already got the nickname of "Lattle Massachusetts." Should Lee win the battle they had nothing but calamities to look for. McClellan was their shield against ruln.

One family was especially perturbed—the family of Captain Jacob Rudy-whose brick dwelling stood on the main street, the fourth house from the western verge of the village. There were the Captain and his wife, two sons and five daughters. The oldest son, Webster Rudy, was sick in bed in an upper chamber. The two youngest girls, Laura and Ella, had scarlet fever, and Laurs, who had been taken into the country, and stayed there while the rebels were passing through, now returned, rather the worse for or journey. As the day advanced and the battle roar grew louder, and dubious rumors reached the village, Captain Rudy mistrusted his wisdom in sticking there with a house full of invalids; but it was too late to remove. Late in the afternoon the Union wounded began to arrive a procession of ambulances, wagons and stretchers, showing ghastly faces and emitting low, agonizing cries, moved up the street. Along with this procession came news of the Union victory. Then the aspect of Middletown was changed. Houses were thrown open. Churches, schoolhouses, barns, and stables were preally turned into a hospital.

A WOUNDED COLONEL. Just as the sun went down beyond the mountain bat tle field an ambulance, drawn slowly and accompanied by a surgeon, an orderly and two colored servants, mounted, approached the village along the turnpike. An officer lay in the ambulance, mute, haggard, and evidently in great pain. His light brown hair and beard were dishevelled, his collar was torn away from his throat and his uniform was covered with dust and

"Joe!" he called. "What is it, Rud?" inquired the surgeon, bending

"Take me to the first respectable looking private house we come to after we get into town. "

The house selected by Surgeon Webb was Jacob Rudy's. Jacob himself stood in the doorway, wearing under his gravity an habitual expression of good will. "Is this your home, sir?" asked the Surgeon, with a

law here with temporary quarters. It is Colonel Hayes, of the Twenty-third Ohio. He is severely

Hayes, of the Twenty-third One.

wounded in the arm and needs quiet."

'I shall do very well," said a voice from the ambulance, "if I can get into a level bed. My servant is here. He will try not to make much trouble."

'All right," broke in the Captain, "We'll fix you, I

bulance, "if I can get into a level bed. My servant is here. He will try not to make much trouble."

"All right," broke in the Captain, "We'll ax you, I think. Let me speak to my wife a moment."

Mrs. Rudy, hospitable and alert, soon had a chamber ready next the one occupied by her sick son, Daniel. Thither the lighting Obio Colonel, pricked hard, but saved by destiny to make a future President, was convoyed with some difficulty through sundry lower rooms and up a narrow staircase. The windows were raised, the arm was unbandaged, and Webb carefully redressed the wound.

"There," said he, when he had finished. "Now I'll go down and arrange matters with the tamily."

HAYKS' PART IN THE BATTLE.

"Is he pretty badly hart!" asked Jacoo Rudy, when Webb had taken a char in the sitting rocm.

"I's an ugly sort of burt," replied the young surgeon, "because the ball hit the bone. Then again he lost a good deal of blood, because he would keep on lighting. In the attack to-day he was in the advance brigade of the advance division of Buruside's Corps, which was in advance of the army. He was ordered to lake a mountain path to the left of the old national road, leel the enemy and open the engagement. He found their pickets in the woods, received their fire and drove them in. Beyond the woods he saw the rebel line advancing. He charged into it with a regimental yell, and, after some fierce fighting, drove it back through another piece of woods and across an open field beyond. Here he ordered his men to charge again; but he had hardly given the command when a bullet struck his left arm above the elbow. He got off his horse and asked a soldier to bandage his arm tightly near the shoulder; but it wouldn't do; he had to tumble; and he probably lainted. Anyhow, the next thing he knew was that his mon were lailing back to the woods for shelter. At this he got on his legs again and made it hot for them until they came forward. Then they made it hot again for the euemy. He couldn't stand up long; he had to lie down from sheer exhaust earried off again."
"I hope he got his belly full by that time," said

sarried off again."

"I hope he got his belly full by that time," said Rudy.

"Jacob!" (from Mrs. Rudy.)

"Never you mind, wife. You go on with that supper if you want to keep a family from starving." Then he turned to Webb.

"No," answered the latter. "He worried and grumbled until he heard that the rest of the brigade had come up and dislodged the enemy with the bayonet. Then we got him into an ambulance and brought him to town. See here," he continued, "see what he wrote in his memorandum book siter he lell. This is just like Rud Hayes for all the world:—While I was down I had considerable talk with a wounded Confederate lying near me. I gave him messages for my wife and friends in case I should not get up. We were right joily and friendly. It was by no means an unplemant experience."

"So he is married, is he?" exclaimed Kate Rudy, one of the daugntters. Where is his wife?"

"I suppose she's left Cincinnati, Ohio, by this time," answered Webb. "We teregraphed her from the battle field. She is a sister of mine."

"You will stay here and attend him, of course," Captain Rudy said.

"A day or two, yes. My brother Jim, also a surgeon, will be over. But we shall have to attend to a good many more. Have you any good local physican?"

"Yes, indeed; Dr. Baer!" was instantly chorused.

good, will be over. But we shall have to attend to a good many more. Have you any good local physician?"

"Yes, indeed; Dr. Baer!" was instantly chorused by the whole Rudy family, the several members of which praceeded to pile up praises of their lavorito paysician ontil Webb's brain grew dizzy. Dr. Charles Baer seems to have carned and deserved the encombinis which are to this day uttered of him whenever his hame is spoken in Middletown. He was then about thirty-five years old. His wiry, well proportioned figure; handsome face and fine head, set off by auburn hair and whiskers; his pleasant smile, quick, energetic movements, and hearty voice of cheer, commended him everywhere, in addition to his skill and success in the practice of his prolession. His counsel in the case of Colonel Hayes was of great value, since it helped to prevent an amputation, and his services in other homes and the improvised hospitals in the village during the following month saved many limbs and lives. He was already married, and had three or loar young children. He has since removed to a farm in Roanoke county, noar Salem, Va.

ARRIVAL OF MRS. HAYES.

On Tuesday, the 16th, Sergeon James Webb arrived, and the two Drithers were thenceforth distinguished in the Rudy household as "Dr. Joe" and "Dr. Jim." Both were much liked. They occupied the same room, Colonel Hayes' servant and Dr. Joe's servant slept on the floor in the chamber were Daniel Rudy lay.

Mrs. Rayes, who vainly sought for her wounded husband it. Washington and Frederick, reached Middletown on Wednesday, while the guns of Antietam were thunnlering beyond the Blue Ridge. She was accompanied by a realitye, Mr. Platt, and had no difficulty in finding out the Colonel's resting place. The village was half Biled with wounded solders of his regiment.

Indeed the Twenty-third Ohio had lost in killed and wounded at South Mountain within sight men of half its entire force engaged. The "Twenty-third fellows" were longing wherever there was a shady place, some with heads bandaged, some with arms in slings, others limping badly. Several of the least battered ones had been down to pay their respects to their commonder since Sunday and were glad to show his wife the way.

nonader since Sunday and were glad to show his wile the way.

"The minute Mrs. Hayes came inside the door," said Mrs. Rudy to me, as I sat conversing of these incidents with her and her daughters, Kate and Elia, thus afternoon—"the moment she crossed our threshold I knew she was a good woman and a natural lady. Of course her husband was rejoiced to see her and hear about his childron, and she was relieved to know that his wound was not so dangerous as she had imagined it. She made herself easily at home here at once."

"Yes," said Miss Elia, "I remember the morning after she came. She was down in the kitchen early, and asked leave to cook the Colonel's lavorite dish."

"He had an appetite then?" I inquired. "We are recurring to lasts in the lile of a very distinguished person."

"A very good appetite," rejoined Miss Elia, smiling, "He never objected to anything that was sent to him, and though he suffered constantly and got little sleep.

recurring to lacis in the life of a very distinguished person."

"A very good appetite," rejoined Miss Elia, smiling, "He never objected to anything that was sent to him, and, though he suffered constantly and got little sleep for a week and longer, he was always cheerful. He not only wouldn't be cross—he wouldn't allow any extra trouble to be taken on his account. Mother need to ask him if she could not do something' for him. He always thanked her, but said no; he didn't need anything; he was doing very well. The only thing he did have changed was his bed; but Kate will tell you about that."

"If you will come up stairs," bittlely suggested Miss Kate Rudy, "I will show you the bed and the room where he stayed. A correspondent who was here last summer, by the way, described this as "rickety staircase." It is a trille narrow, but it cortainly isn't rickety. Then he spoke of this chamber as 'dark and gloomy." Do you find it so, sir!"

"Assuredly not," I repiled. Like every apartment in the house this one showed the perfection of neatness. Two large windows lighted it thoroughly. The partition between the room occupied by Colonel and Mrs. Hayes, and the one occupied by Colonel and Mrs. Hayes, and the one occupied by Drs. "Joe" and "Jim" Webb in 1862 had since been removed, throwing the two chambers into one. The walls were garnished with engravings and simple ornaments; the carpet was of a bright pattern, and an ample stove stood belove the chimney piece.

"Here is his bed," exclaimed Miss Kate, lifting the mattreas. "When he came it was like all the other beds—the frame was held together by cords. If you have lived in the country you must know what Iun it so "tighten the bedcorate." One person gets up and walks across. stopping on one cord after another, while the other pulls each length of the cord taut the instant the rope dancer's foot leaves it. Still, the tautest of cords will sag, and so tolone! Hayes adopted the device you see here; he had a solid board platterm laid in place of cords, and the mattress res

Elia "I wouldn't take a good deal for this old bed," Kate Rudy continued, musingly; "I've slept in it ever since the Colonel went away; I never had a bad dream in it, never."

"So you all fell in love with the patient Colonel," I "So you all fell in love with the patient Colonel," I remarked at random, as we descended the stairs. 
"We feel in love with him directly," assented Mrs. Rudy. "He didn't talk much, but what he said was to the polit. He never used harsh language toward the rebels, and never liked to hear others to so. He spake generously of the Southern officers, and of the bravery of their men. His manners were remarkably mild. It was the same with Mrs. Hayes. As soon as he was out of danger, she used to spend a part of overy day in the hospitals, visiting rebels and Union men alike. She took grapes to them, and any other delicacies she could get, and sometimes she would read to those who shed to hear her. She had a great many favorites, but she was attentive to all, and admired by everybody." "De you remember her hair, mother?" inquired Miss Ella.

women. I am told she still adheres to it."
OUT OF DOORS.

At the end of a forinight Colonel Hayes was able to come down stairs to his meals. A day of two later he began to walk up town. A fact which excited the comments of the villagers was that he never walked on the north side of the street, where there was a paved sidewalk, but always took the south side, sometimes wadning shoe-deep in mud. Old residents, still tanizing by this behavior of the Ohio Colonel, are wont to argue the why and wherefore of it around the tavern stove.

to argue the why and wherefore of it around the tavers stove.

On the 2d day of October, late in the afternoon Colonel and Mrs. Hayos slowly ascended the slope back of the Lutheran Church, toward the Lutheran Come tery. From here there is a beautiful view, extending asstward to the Cotoctin range, westward to South Mountain and northward and southward up and down the tertile valley of Middletown. A nundred nies were on the mountains, hills and intervening patches of wood land; brightest shone the foliage of the dogwood and; brightest shone the foliage of the dogwood and the gum tree, the latter standing in clusters, with many-tinted glossy leaves; the stubble of thousand of harvested acres atternated its browns and yellow with the darkening greens of pastures which had beer despoiled by two armies of their accustomed flock, and herds.

despoiled by two armies of their accustomed flocks and herds.

It was a quiet place. The wounded Coionel and his wife seated themselves near the cometery to watch the sunset. A groan startled them, Turning her head Mrs. Hayes observed a soldier leaning with averted face upon a gravestone. She uttered a whisper of surprise and alarm:—

"It's Lieutenant W——! Out of his bed and up here! Last night they were desparing of his life."

Motioning to her husband to keep his seat, she approached the officer and gently accosted him:—

"Leutenant, isn't this very rash?"!
He litted a face haggard, not merely with the illness resulting from a mortal wound, but with another kind of agony. Mechanically touching his cap, he stared, but did not speak.

"Had you not better go down to the hospital?" she asked.

asked.

"I thank you; no."
She hemated a moment; then, approaching nearer,
Said:—"You are suffering. Has anything occurred?
tan I be of service to you? Or perhaps the

Can I be of service to you? Or perhaps the Colonel —; he is here, close by."

The young man's face was so distorted by anguish that seconds clapsed before he partially composed himself. "Madam," he said, at length, "I do not think that you—I do not think that you—I do not think that anybody—can aid me. Last night I thought of living. To-day" (with a bitter smile) "the uses of life are not apparent." Recovering his composure, he added in an ordinary tone, "I have no idea that I shall live twenty-four hours longer; perhaps it is well you came—yes, it is well. Will you ask your husband? I—I think—I shall have to sit down."

down."

AN IDYL AND A TRACKDY.

"Now, sir," proceeded the Lieutenant, after the kind lady who had greeted nim had insisted on buttoning his military cape around his shoulders, "there is nothing to tell out of the common; it is an old story with different names. It I trouble you with it, it is because I see no other way. There are no people down there—motioning toward the hospital—to whom I could intrust a necessary message. I am too weak to write—you see how my hand trembles."

A pause.

"My parents are not living. I have no brothers nor sisters—no near relative except a little girl cousin of

"My parents are not living. I have no brothers nor sisters—no near relative except a little girl cousin of my mother's, an orphan, who was placed under my care several years ago. She is properly provided for. As she never saw me but twice sine will not, grieve.

\* \* The lady" (here the officer choked a intile) "who will leet this blow the hardest has already been prostrated by the news of my wound. I had hoped she would come down to see me—with her mother. I received no definite tidings of ner until to-day. Here is her mother's telegram."

The despatch road thus:—

The despatch road thus:—

WATERTOWN, N.Y., Oct. 2, 1862.

To Lieutenant ——, —th New York, in h.spital, Middletown, Md.:—
Have hoped to start with J—— simest every day for a fortnight. Refrained from informing you of her centilued delirium. Her situation is critical. Telegraph her what may be a last word.

"I know well what is meant," continued the Lieutenant. "She is dying, as I am." comedown to the hospital."
"Come," said the Colones, touching his sleeve; "come down to the hospital."
"It is strange," the officer went on to say, not heeding; "strange that when I am so well convinced I shail not live I grieve that she cannot live also. What I have longed for is to be with her. Now, that I am sure I must reluquish her here, why should I not be glad that we are so soon to meet hereaster? Yet the idea of her death is terrible to me. But I forget," said he, rousing himseli, "the request I had to make of you. Her picture is here, inside my vest. The letters from her since I have been in the army are in my value, legibly marked; my servant has the key. Some other things there are, inclosed in a packet. They are all to be sent to her mother, who will decade whether and when to deliver them to her. I have been thinking of a letter, but I am too weas to write, and I could not bear to dictate one. I shall manage to write a telegram, to be sont to her mother after my death. I will ask you to take charge of it."

He had spoken rapidly, almost hysterically, toward the last. He added, attempting to rise, "Now I am ready to go." At the moment a boy came ruining up the slope with something in his hand. I was a telegram, which he gave to the Lieutenant.

"As you see," the latter said, offering the despatch, "it is over."

My poer — (thus ran the message), J. — called your same for the last time a little after noorfto-day. She

"As you see," the latter said, offering the despatch, "it is over."

My poor — (thus ran the message) J. — called your name for the tast time a little after noemeto-day. Sie nid not suffer or comorain. Be patient. Get bitter. Come nome.

The boy scampered back with a message for the Lieutenant's servant, turning a somersault or two on the way. Soon after the Lieutenant, his pailor increased, and addeu and moved paintuily down the hill, supported by his servant's arm. His wound, irritated and inflamed by such reckiess exertion, bled anew. Fever sot in before midnight, and he died, siter a period of exhauting frenzy, the following alternoon.

DEPARTURE—A NAIROW ESCATE.

Just three weeks after the bathe of South Mountain, in which he received his wound, Colonel Hayes and his wife left Middletown for their home in Cincinnat. Respecting to part with the Rudys, who had been so kind to them they did not know and did not hear for some time afterward of a peril they had almost marvellously escaped. Daniel Webster Rudy, the son who lay in the room adjuning the Hayes' chamber, was supposed to have see fiet fever. It turned out that he had the smallpox! In pullows on his bed were afterward used to prop up folonel Hayes at meal times, yet the latter had no symptoms of the disease then or later, nor had the negro servants, who slept every night on the floor in Daniel's room. After the Hayes' departure every member of the Rudy hossehold was attacked by smallpox, and Charlie, the youngest boy, died of the "When we wrote to Mrs. Hayes about it," said Mrs. Rudy, yesterday, "she wrote back that they left small-pox proot."

"Have you had any intercourse with them since?"

I asked.

"Yes; Colonel Hayes was with Hunter on his raid into Virginia. Returning from that raid he and Dr. Joe Webb stopped here one day and took dinner with

ns. Kate visited Mrs. Hayes at Columbus nino years ago. They gave her a hearty welcome and treated her handsomely. When Governor Hayes was nominated for President we were all interested, wishing him to succeed. On election day my husband was very unwell; still he went up town and voted for Hayes. He died last Christmas. My son Daniel, who is now in the Custom House at Baltimore, sent Governor Hayes a note announcing the death. The answer came back within a west. It expressed the utmost sympathy for us ail, and reverted kindly to the time when he was disabled and had a home with us."

The old City Hotel, on the main street, thrives amain and there I met a quant character, a man of forty-five or fifty years. "Sir." he said, "I see you are a traveller, seeking information. You want to know something about this region. I can tell you. It's the gardon spot of the State of Maryland, though the land has been a leo-tie impoverished by overworking during the past ten years. Wo grow wheat and corn mostly; very little tobacce; plenty of fruit; only enough vogetables for local consumption. Wheat runs all the way from 10 to 35 bushels an acre—mostly 10 to 15 bushels; corn runs from 25 to 50 bushels—say 35 bushels—to the acre; potatoes from 300 to 500 bushels to the acre. We're in Frederick county. Frederick, the largest town, has a population of about 8,000. Middletown here has 800. The whole county 47,000. Our Valley of Middletown is watered by Gotochin Creek and a hundred little tributary brooks. The roads are splendid in summer, in the winter terrible. Yes, sir (I know what you're going to ask), we've had war here. Over yonder on South Mountain is where the new President, Hayes, was wounded. Some of the men of his regiment said he did fight that day like sin. Up there, too, is the spot where Reno fell. And I could show you the well where Farmer Heyers, who took a contract to bury soldiers at \$1 a head, dumped fifty or sixty of 'em into a well and covered 'em up, and called that decent Christian burial. Sir, 'ejacutated t

#### THE RUSSIAN EASTER.

FIRING A GRAND SALUTE-THE ADMIRAL AND GRAND DUKE VISITING THE FLEET-ALEXIS AND THE TELEPHONE.

At eight o'clock yesterday morning the flag was oisted on board the Russian flagship Svetlana and the three ships of the fleet were dressed with flags in honor saluted the flag, played the Russian national anthe and "Hail Columbia," the usual Sunday morning inspection of the flagship by Captain the Grand Alexis and the Admiral began. The officers were, on account of it being Easter Sunday, in their splends full dress uniforms of green and gold, with swords and cocked hats, and wearing their orders on their left Duke Alexis did not, as during the mid-night mass, wear the uniform of the Emperor's suite, but their brilliant full dress nava uniforms. The Admiral wore the broad red ribbon of the Order of St. Anne, the cross of St. Viadimir, and a number of other decorations, both Russian and foreign. The Grand Duke Alexis were the blue ribbon and silver enamelled star of the family, Order of St. Andreas, and the cross of St. Vindin The Grand Duke Constantine wore the star of the Order of St. Andreas. The breast of Baron Schilling was especially rich in orders, both Russian and foreign. Captain Novonsilsky wore, among orders,

the cross of St. Anne.

The brilliant array of officers were drawn up on the starboard side of the quarterdeck, and the crew of some five hundred and fitty men on the port side. The Grand Duke passed in front of the officers, saluting hem. They together returned the salute. The Cap tain then inspected his crew and the whole ship, after which the Admiral, accompanied by the Captain, did

THE ADMIRAL VISITS HIS PLEET.

At about ten o'clock Admiral Boutakoff, acco panied by Flag Commander and Flag Lieutenant Prince barge, which was in command of Ensign Prince Bariatinsky. In front, at the bow, there was the Admiral's pennant, and behind the Russian ensign The guard was paraded and the band played as he left the flagship. The Admiral was first rowed up the river to the corvette Bogatyr. On ascending to the dec with the two accompanying officers he was received by Captain Shafroff and the officer of the deck, Lieutenan Brestropp. On the starboard side were ranged the officers of the corvette, while the crew were placed forward of the mainmast on both sides of the ship. The marine guard on the port side presented arm accompanied by the Captain and the flag officers, in front of the officers and crew, saluting, saying, "Christ is risen;" they responding, "Verily, He is risen." The Admiral then entered the Captain's cabir with his officers, and the felicitations of Easter were given and received, the Admiral and the flag officers kissing the Captain three times on the cheeks. After short stay the Admiral left the ship and paid a similar visit to the corvette Askold, where he was received the came way and went through the same ceremonies

ALEXIS VISITS THE BOGATYR AND ASKOLD. About a quarter of an hour after Captain the Grand Duke Alexis in his gig, which was in charge of Ensign Prince Obolensky, left his ship and visited the gatyr, being received at the gangway by the Capntered the captain's cabin, having embraced each other outside according to the Easter custom. Leaving the Bogatyr he visited the Askold, being received

GREETING PROM SAN PRANCISCO. At about nine o'clock A. M., before visiting the other

At about nine o'clock A. M., before visiting the other ships, Admirai Boutakoff received from Admirai Persino, commanding the Russian Pacific squadron of eight vessels, now lying at San Francisco, a telegram wishing him the felicitations of the day, and sending those of the officers of the fleet of the Pacific to those of the flying squadron now at Now York. In reply Admiral Boutakoff sent his thanks and the felicitations of the Grand Dukes and of the officers of the squadron cossent ulations From the EMPEROR.

At half-past ten o'clock A. M. Captain Novossilsky read, in presence of the assembled officers and crew, from the Admiral's order book that the Emperor bad sent by his courier, Prince Doundoukoff Korsakoff, his felicitations and his thanks to the officers and crew for their services.

their services.

The Admiral and Grand Duke Alexis entertained at breaklast at eleven o'clock, in the Admiral's cabin, Captain Shafloff, of the Bogatyr; Dr. Condrine, Baron Schilling, Captain Tuthoff, of the Ascold; Captain Novossinky, executive officer of the Svotlana; Flag Commander Alexieff, Sub-Licutenant the Grand Duke Constantine and Flag Licutenant Frince Steherbatoff.

At midday thirty-one gaus were fired from the Svetlana and the two other vessels of the fleet in honor of Easter Day. As the tenth gun was fired from the frigate the first gun was fired from the convertes Ascold and Bogatyr. For ten minutes the rapid cannonading from side to side of the Russian fleet woke the echoes of the Hudson, and as the last echo died away the ceremonies of Easter were linished.

During the day a large crowd were on the wharves viewing the Russian fleet. The three vessels, almost in line, made a fine appearance with the signal sligs stretched in line from topmasts to the ends of the Yards and from the foretopmast of the three vessels, During the breakinst of the Admiral and Grand Duke a number of the officers of the Svetlana visited the Bogaty and Ascold, which visits were returned in the afternoon.

At half-past one o clock Admiral Boutakoff, the their services.
The Admiral and Grand Duke Alexis entertained

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At half-past one o clock Admiral Boutakoff, the 
Grand Duke Alexis, the Grand Duke Constantine, 
Baron Schilling and Dr. Condrine were rowed ashoro 
in the Admiral's sixteen-cared barge and disembarked 
in the city at the foot of Twenty-third street.

An arrangement was made with Maurice Strakosch 
to have a private exhibition of the belephone yesterday 
afternoon for the benefit of the Grand Duke Alexis. 
Through the kindness of Mr. Orton, of the 
Western Union, and Mr. Brown, the superintendent, an apartment was secured in their 
office in Twenty-third street and Fitth avenue, and 
necessary orders were given to secure a direct circuit 
between this city and Philadelphia. Although the 
company was about moving all its apparatus in Philadelpha from the oid into the new building, Mr. Strakosch's telephone instrument was carried thinher and 
back, and placed in position in a few hours, and at the 
appointed time (one o'ciock) Mr. Goodrich, the pianist, 
seated himself at the instrument in Philadelphia and began playing for His Imperial Highness. The first air 
performed was the Russian national hym. "Comia' 
Through the Rye," "Way Down Upon the Suwance 
River' and a number of selections of American mosto 
followed. Among those in the room were Baron 
Schilling, of the Russian Embassy, and Messrs. Orton 
and Brown. The whole aflair was quite informal, the 
gentlemen sitting quiety about the room 
listening to the meloulies as they came 
over the wires. The Grand Duke Alexis expressed 
himself as highly deligited with the periormance 
and manifested considerable wonder at its noveity. 
He size signified his intention to attend the concert or 
Taesday, in which Ole Bull and Miss Thursby are to 
participate.

At the Kagle.

participate.

At the RAGLE.

Alter dinner the Grand Duko Alexis, Baron Schilling and Dr. Condrine visited the Eagle Theatre. They occupied box No. I. The occasion was the larewell Sunday concert given by the Aimée Troupe. A FAITHFUL SERVANT'S FUNERAL.

The funeral of Mr. John T. Robinson, late of No. 358 Washington street, Hoboken, and one of the manager of A. T. Stewart & Co. for the past fifteen years, took place yesterday. Upward of four hundred employee

#### LITERATURE.

MRS. BROWNING'S LETTERS, with a preface and memoir by Richard Henry Stoddard. New York: James Willow

It has been many years since the reviewer was last alled upon to read a new volume from the pen of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Such is his happy task to-day. Sixteen years after her death a volume of her dressed to Richard H. Horne, a man who has lived on he outskirts of fame and is better known as a friend of men of letters than as a man of letters himself. His writings, which cover a variety of subjects, are now wisely chosen to edit the American edition of these letters, gives a little sketch of Horne by way of preface. Speaking of the poetic dramas of the last hundred years, among which Horne's are numbered, he says:—
"The English public was indulgent to these productions, and their writers thought that the good old poetic drama was flourishing once mere. Not a bit of it. It lasted about thirty years at most, and is as dead to-day as Julius Casar. Mr. Tennyson may entertain himself by writing 'Mary' and 'Harold,' but they might as well have remained unwritten."

Mr. Horne's excuse for publishing these letters of Mrs. Browning's is that the ink they were written with was fading and that he was obliged to resort to type to preserve them. We have a secret opinion that Mr. Horne was not averse to seeing his name in print in this connection particularly as Mrs. Browning is very complimentary, and gives us a bigger idea of his importance than we ever had before. We shall not, however, quarrel with so pardonable a weakness, since it has had accomplished a result by which we are the greatest gainers. Mr. Stoddard has written a most interesting and appreciative memoir of Mrs. Brownng to this edition of her letters, in which he pronounce the Sonnets from the Portuguese "the most remark able personal poems ever written," a sentiment with which we heartily agree, while we feel that perhaps the personality of some is almost too intense. The one

First time he kissed me, he but only kissed The flagers of this hand wherewith I write,

seems to us too sacredly personal for publication, al-though we would be sorry never to have known it. In his memoir Mr. Stoddard quotes a letter to Leigh Hunt in which Mrs. Browning says, in speaking of his Religion of the Heart: '-- "I believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ in the intensest sense; that He was Go absolutely. But for the rest, I am very unorthodox about the spirit, the flesh and the devil, and if you would not let me sit by you a great many churchi wouldn't; in fact, churches, all of them as at present constituted, seem too narrow and low to hold true Christianity in its proximate developments. 1 at least cannot help believing them so." Mrs. Browning's leters to Mr. Horne are very off-hand and personal, and contain running fires of comment upon contemporane-ous writers which are often amusing and always original. We make a few quotations:—"laking of poets—no, not taking of poets, but thinking of poets—are you tware, O Orion! that the most popular poet alive is the Rev. Robert Montgomery, who walks into his twenty and somethingth edition like nothing ?' I mean th author of 'Satan,' 'Woman,' 'Omnipresence of the Deity,' 'The Messian,' the last of these being in its teens of editions, and the greatest no worth a bark of my Flushie's! Mr. Flushie is more of a poet, by the shining of his eyes! But is it not wonderful that this man who waves his white hand serchief from the pulpit till the tears run in rivulets all round should have another trick of oratory (as good) where he can't show the ring on his little finger really do believe that the Omnipresence of the Deity s in the twenty-fourth edition or beyond it: a fact that cannot be stated in respect to Wordsworth after all these years." Of Harriet Martineau;-"I have bad great pleasure lately in some correspondence with Miss seas; 'as sweet as spring, as ocean deep.' She is in a hopeless anguish of body and serene triumph of spirit. with at once no hope and all hope! To hear from he was both a pleasure and honor to me." Of Tenny-son:—'I send you 'an opinion' on Tennyson. Use it or do not use it. He is a divine poet, but I have found it difficult (in the examination of my own thoughts of him) to analyze his divinity, and to determine (even to myself) his particular aspect as a writer. What is the reason of it? It never struck me before. A true and divine poet nevertheless." Or Edgar Alian Poe she writes:-"Your triend, Mr. Poe, is a speaker of strong words 'in both kinds." . As to the Raven,' tell me what you shall say about it. There s certainly a power, but it does not seem to me to be the natural expression of a same intellect in whatever mood; and I think that this should be specified in the title of the poem. There is a fantasticalness about the 'sir' or 'madam' and things of the sort which is ludiostraws. Probably he—the author—intended it to be read in the poem, and he ought to have intended it. The rhythm acts excellently upon the imagination, and get me into a scrape. The 'pokerishness' (just gods I what Mohawk English!) might be found fatal, peradventure. Besides, just because I have been criticised I would not criticise. And I am of opinion that there is incommon force and effect in the poem."

There is no such thing as a life of Mrs. Browning extant, shame to say, and these letters (for which we shall always be grateful to Mr. Horne; have given us petter insight into the everyday life of the divine

THAT LASS O' LOWRIE'S. By Frances Hodgson Burnett, New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. As Miss Fanny Hodgson the author of this novel was first introduced to us through the pages of Scrib ner's Monthly, for which magazine she wrote occasional when her manuscript was first sent in, and going through a dreary pile of commonplace stories one day he came upon one of hers. He did not have to read far to see that he had found a jewel. That was a field day for that editor, coming from an unknown source, is a new experience for an editor. It is needless to say that her story was published, and from that day she has been among the most valued contributors to Scribner's. That "Lass o' Lowrie's" is Miss Hodgson's (now Mrs. Burnett) arst her early work. It is an English story; Mrs. Burnet s an English woman by birth, and the scene is laid in Joan Lowrie, a girl with great physical beauty as well as beauty of character. She was brought up to work in the mines, and that was about all the bringing up she had. She is a very strong character, always in action, seldom taiking. She was of too fine a nature to be on gossipping terms with the other colliery girls who rather leared her and were always telling of th poor, friendless girl whose love of admiration had led per astray, and cared for her child as though it had been her own. The scene where Jonn Ands the town's

been her own. The scene where Joan Ruds the town's people termenting poor Liz is well described:—

Detrick turned to ascertain the meaning of this cry of appeal, but almost before he had time to do so Joan herself had borne down upon the group; she had pushed her way through it and was standing in the centre, confronting the girl's tormentors in a flame of wrate, and Liz was clinging to her.

"What he' they been sayin' to yo', lass?" she demanded. "Eh! but yo're a brave lot, yo' are—women yo' ca' yo'rsens!—badgerin' a slip o' a wench lotke this."

"I'd did na coom back to ax nowt iro' noan o' them," sobbed the girl. "I'd rayther dee ony day nor do it! I'd rayther starve!' th' dich—an' it's comin' to that."

"Here," and Joan, "gi' me th' choid."

She bent down and took it from her, and then stood up before them all, holding it high in her strong arms—so superb, so statuesque and yet so womanly a figure, that a thrill shot through the heart of the man watching her.

"Lasses." she cried, her voice fairly ringing, "do

ngure, that a thrill shot through the heart of the man watching her.

"Lasses," she cried, her voice fairly ringing, "do yo' see this? A bit o' a helpless thing as canna answer back yo're jeers! Ay! look at it well, aw on yo'. Some on yo's getten th' looke at whoam. An' when yo've looked at th' choild, look at th' mother! Seventeen year owd, Liz is, an' th' world's gone wrong wi'her. I wunnot say as th' world's gone ower reet wi'ony on us; but them on us as had th' strength to howd up agen it, need na sot our loot on them as has gone down. Happen theer's na so much to choose betwitt us after aw. But I've gotten this to tell yo'—them as has owt to say o' Liz, mun say it to Joan Lowrie!"

This was Derrick's first sight of Joan, and he never forgot it. Derrick is the hero of the story, and was the new overseer at the mines. Dan Lowrie, Joan's father, was an ugly customer, one of the disaffected He nated Derrick, and the story of his vengoance is thrilling in the extreme. As the reader will guess from the first chapter Joan and Derrick were to become something more than employer and employed. How the character of this poor girl is developed by her love for the man so much above her in station is a wonderful study. We have no hesitation in saying

that there is no living writer-man or woman-who has Mrs. Burnett's dramatic power in telling a story. There are many who have greater literary ability, greater strength, perhaps, in developing character, bu as a raconteur she has no equal. This probably seems like very strong praise, and so it is; but so one who reads the story carefully will say that it is not doserved. We will make a quotation to prove our asser-tion. Here is the death of old Lowrie. He had always been a hard father to Joan, and came to his end by the trap he had laid for Derrick :-

the trap to had laid for Derrick:—

When Lowrie died, Anice and Grace were in the room with Joan. After the first two days the visitors had dropped off. They had satisfied their curiosity. Lowrie was not a favorite, and Joan had always accemed to stand apart from her follows, so they were left to themselves.

Joan was standing near the bed when there came to him his first and last gleam of consciousness. The sun was setting, and its farewell glow streaming through the window fell upon his disfigured fare and sightless eyes. He roused himself, moving uneasily.

"What's op wi' me?" he muttered. "I couna see—I conna—"

"What's do wi' me?" he multered. "I conna see—
I conna — "
Joan stepped forward.
"Feyther," she said.
Then memory seemed to return to him. An angry light shot across his face. He flung out his hands and ground:—
"What!" he cried, "tha art theer, art tha?" and helpless and broken as he was, he wore that moment a look Joan had long ago learned to understand.

ment a look Joan had long ago learned to undersiand.

"Ay, feyther," she answered.
It appeared so it, during the few moments in which he lay gasping, a full recognition of the fact that he had been baffled and beaten after all—that his piotting had been of no avail—forced itself upon him. He made on effort to speak once or twice and failed, but at last the words came.

"Tha went agen me, did tha?" he panted. "Dom thee!" and with a struggle to summon all his strength, he raised himself, groping, struck at her with his elenched hand, and, inling to reach her, fell forward, with his face upon the bed.

It was all over when they raised him and laid him back again. Joan stood upright, trembled a little, but otherwise caim.

Isolated passages, however, cannot do justice to the it is quite humorous, and shows versatility of invention. The character drawing is strong and boid, and we should judge from this story that Mrs. Burnett could write an acting drama that would bring her fame and fortune. The publication of a story like "That Lass o' Lowrie's" is a red letter day in the world of

CENTRAL APRICA; OR, NAKED TRUTH OF NAKED PRO-FLE. An account of expeditions to the Lake Vic toria Nyanza, &c. By Colonel C. Chaille Long, o the Egypt an Staff. New York: Harper & Brothers The most original feature of Colonel Long's book is its title. The Colonel writes in a rather agreeable, offhand style, without any pretensions to literary merit or scientific knowledge. His adventures were not very different from other African explorers, except that they do not seem to have been quite so danger-ous. On the whole, he was pretty well treated and had a rather comfortable time when he was not ill. On his return to Egypt the following were submitted to the government as the results of his expeditions:-

1. M'Tsé, King of Ugunda, had been visited, and the proud African monarch made a willing subject, and his country, rich in ivory and populous, created the southern limit of Egypt.

2. The Lake Victoria Nyanza had been partially ex-plored, not thoroughly, owing to my helpless and

almost dying condition at the time.

3. The Victoria River, leaving the Lake from Uron. dogani (from whence Captain Speke had been driven) had been explored for the first time as far as Karumi Falls, thus forever putting at rest all doubts and estab lishing the connection between the Lake Victoria and the Lake Albert. From Urondogani to Karuma Falls the river was proven to be navigable by steamers of the ceatest draught.

4 The discoverey, in about latitude 1 deg. 30 min.

north, of a lake, since named Ibrahim, thus adding another great reservoir to the sources of the Nilesystem of basin of which the Lake Victoria and the Lake Albert were only known heretofore-the plateau southward acting as a great watershed to the almos perpetual equatorial rains. 5. The affair at Mrooli-a desperate preconcerted

attack on the part of five hundred savages upon two frail barks containing three combatants, resulting in the loss to the enemy, mentioned in the general orders

The results of the expedition to the Makroka Niam

Niam country may be summed up as follows:-1. Communication had been opened from the Bahr el-Abiad, viet armis, by punishment given the Yanberi tribe-to the Niam-Niam country, rich in ivory, whose inhabitants were friendly and well disposed toward: the Egyptian government.

2. Occupation of that country by the establishment of military posts, which were to serve the double pur-pose of acquiring every in exchange for cotton cloths, &c., and at the same time inculcating in the native habits of industry, cultivation of the soil, the raising tive to anthropophagy); in fact working an ameliora-tion in the state of the negro, social, moral and

&c., obtained of these people, specimens of whom, in the interest of ethnography, were brought to Cairo and presented to the government.

In conclusion Colone: Long says that the Nomads of

the Upper Nile, under a proper régime of discipline and the selection of good men that he knows among them, he regards as the great future civilizing element for the redemption of this country, since the Arab cannot normanostly dwell in its pernicious climate.

Henry Holt & Co. are about adding to their Leisure Hour Series that best of all Jean Paul Richter's books. the "Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces."

W. G. Sumner, of Yale, has in Putnam's press his "Lectures on the History of Protection in the The revolution in the book publishing trade, so long

impending, is likely to bring down the high retail prices which have ruled so many years, and thus be a public benefit. D. Appleton & Co. have already re-duced their educational books to lower publishing The peronnial popularity of Dickens is seen in the

fact that the new two shilling edition of the "Pickwick Papers," which the London publishers have just issued, was subscribed for to the extent of 42,000 copies by the English book trade. T. A. Trollope's forthcoming "Life of Pope Pius

IX." will be rather personal than historical, and will appear near the close of the summer in two volumes. Mr. James Bryce, who ascended Mount Ararat last year, has in Macmillan's press a volume of travels in

M. Rénan's "Origines du Christianisme" will b brought down to the death of Trajan in the fith volreach the year 160 A. D. M. Rénan will then write the history of the Jews before Christ, in two or three vol

Buter's German life of Schastlan Bach has been translated in an abridged form by Miss Shuttleworth,

nd printed in London.

The London Academy treats Mr. Van Laun's History of French Literature with great severity. The omissions of notable writers are said to be as numerous as the blunders in passing judgment upon French writers "Properly to expose the shortcom who are noticed. ings of this book," says the critic, "we should want the whole number of the Academy to ourselves."

Mr. John Morris' "Troubles of Our Catholic Forefathers," in the third series, just out in London, enters upon the persecutions of the Roman Catholics in Yorkshire and the North of England.

General Di Cesnola has completed his work on "Cyprus; Its Ancient Cities, Tombs and Temples: A Narrative of Explorations and Discoveries During a Ten Years' Residence in the Island," which John Murray, of London, will soon bring out. We are to have a new book on Thomas De Quincey,

including unpublished correspondence, and notes on his lite and writings, by H. A. Page. The medical aspect of Mr. De Quincey's case, throwing frosh light on his opium eating habits, will be fully treated. That remarkably learned and elequent book, Mr. Kenelm Digby's "Broadstone of Honor," long out of

print, will be reissued in April, by Quaritch, of started April 20, by E. W. Allen, of London, under the

name of The Fishing Gazette.
Mr. James Stevenson, Glasgow, has printed "Notes on the Country Between Kilwa and Tanganika," which is said to contain in brief all that is yet known

of this part of Africa.

Mr. C. B. Mansfield's "Aerial Navigation," pub lished posthumously and written twenty-five years ago, treats of ballooning as a problem rather than as

A publisher, who withholds his name, announces

life of Bismarck, with an introduction by Bayard

Scribner, Armstrong & Co. will publish in a few days "The Wit and Wisdom of Hayti," being a collection of proverbs of Haytian or of African origin mads by the Hon. John Bigelow during a visit to that island in the winter of 1854. A considerable portion of them ap-peared in a series of contributions to Harper's Magaine in 1875. The chief value, to thoughtful people at least, of these specimens of the proverbial literature of the Haytian, is in the collequialisms of a people whe for the most part neither read nor write.

Macmillan & Co. have just ready for publication

Matthew Arnold's new volume, entitled "Last Essays on Church and Religion," uniform with "Literature

and Dogma." Scribner & Co. have brought to light a new writer of

children's stories in Mr. Howard Pyle, a young man who promises to rival the famous Grimma. He not only writes stories, but he illustrates them as well. The United States Publishing Company have issued a new unabridged edition in one volume of C Edwards Lester's "Our First Hundred Years." Thu book has received the highest commendations, and is

valuable as a history of our first century. In this new edition a long-felt want is supplied.

The Contemporary Review is in its twelfth year, and has been on the whole a grand success.

John Moran will have a poem in the May number of

Appleton's Journal.
"Seward's Autobiography" is selling rapidly, and is the means of employing a great many worthy women. as it is sold by subscription only.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have recently issued a book called "The Best Reading," which contains hints on the seand private; on courses of reading, &c., with a classi fled bibliography for easy reference. It is edited by Frederic B. Perkins. Not only are the books named, but the prices given. The book is so arranged that is is very valuable for reference. The plan of the book originated with the late George P. Putnam some years ago. Part of the hints in the present volume were written by Mr. G. Haven Putnam.

J. B. Lippincott are most fortunate in having secured the plates, even though at great expense, of Worcester's particular American writers use Worcester as their authority. It is almost incredible the labor represented in Worcester's unabridged. It contains 1,854 pages and over 100,000 words with their pronunnation, definition, and etymology. It is illustrated with over 1,000 wood cuts and contains 1,000 articles on synonymes in which 5,000 synonymous words are llustrated by apt examples. It also contains proverbs and sayings from the Latin, French, Spanish and other languages; the names of noted characters in history and fiction, ancient and modern, Greek and Latin names, tables of weights and measures and such quantity of information that one need study no other

ook to be a well informed man. Austin Jobson has a new volume in press entitled "Proverbs in Porcelain," and other poems.
"Sketches, Social and Political, of English Rural

Life" is the title of a book in course of preparation by Dr. Von Holtzendorff. The catalogue of the Bodlelan Library has reached

half-way through R and S, and will probably be finished

in the course of two years.

Arte de Labacho, the first work on arithmetic ever printed, bearing the date 1478, was recently sold in ondon for £21 H. de Lagardie has a capital article in the March

Macmillan on Daudet's Sidonio under the title o French Novels and French Life. The Portfolio for March, received through J. W. Bouton, contains an etching by Flameng of Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of Mrs. Siddons which is unusually soft in its lines and bold in its lights and shades.

James Paterson has written "Commentaries on Liberty of the Subject and the Laws of England as to the Security of the Person," in two volumes. The latest brochure on the silver question is Mr. J.

Hector's "Currency Considered with Special Reference to the Fall in the Value of Silver," just published by Blackwood. Mr. Frederick Boyle has written a fresh and breezy book entitled "The Savage Life; a Second Series of

Edmund Beckett's "Book on Building, Civil and Ecclesiastical, with the Theory of Domes and of the Great Pyramid," is just completed in London.

The most elaborate book on sugar manufacture is M. Maumané's "Traité de la Fabrication du Sucre," just published at Paris in two volumes. A second and greatly enlarged edition of Noback's great work on "Moneys, Weights and Measures, Ex changes and Gold and Silver Variations," is just com

pleted at Leipzic in the German language.

The Cardinal's Daughter (A sequel to "Ferne Fleming") advance sheets and bound volume. Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 365 (hessnut street, Philadelphia.
Papers (United States) Relating to Foreign Affairs, acompanying the Annual Message of the President to the Second Session of the Thirty-ninth Congress ("arts I., II. and III.). Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. companying the Annual Message of the President to the Second Session of the Phirty-annual Congress ("arts 1., IL and III.) Government Printing Office, washington, D. C. Harper's Half-Hour series (paper covers, two volumes); Teles from Shakespeare (by Charles and Mary Lamb), Transchies, Tales from Shakespeare (by Charles and Mary Lamb), Comedies, Messrs, Harper & Brothers, New York, Lamb), Comedies, Messrs, Harper & Brothers, New York, A. C. Commander Roval Navy (with numerous illustrations), Messrs, Harper & Brothers, New York, Messrs, Harper & Brothers, New York, A. C. Commander Roval Navy (with numerous illustrations), Messrs Harper & Brothers, New York, Pickwick Abroad; A Companion to the Pickwick Papers (by Boz). By George W. M. Reynolds (with illustrations by George Cruikshank), Messrs, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

The Principies of Sociology (vol. I.) By Herbert Spencer; Messrs, D. Appleton & Co., Broadway, New York, Literature Primers (Classical Geography, by H. F. Tozer, and Philology, by John Peile, one volume each). Messrs, D. Appleton & Co., Broadway, New York, Hlustrated Price List of W. C. Duyckinek, of Nos. 50 and 52 John street, New York, S. W. Green, Printer, Nos. 10 and 18 Jacob street, New York, C. Duyckinek, of Nos. 50 and 52 John street, New York, S. W. Green, Printer, Nos. 10 and 18 Jacob street, New York, S. W. Green, Printer, Nos. 10 and 18 Jacob street, New York, S. W. Green, Printer, Nos. 10 and 18 Jacob street, New York, S. W. Green, Printer, Nos. 10 and 18 Jacob street, New York, S. W. Green, Printer, Nos. 10 and 18 Jacob street, New York, S. W. Green, Printer, Nos. 10 and 18 Jacob street, New York, S. W. Green, Printer, Nos. 10 and 18 Jacob street, New York, S. W. Green, Printer, Nos. 10 and 18 Jacob street, New York, S. W. Green, Printer, Nos. 10 and 18 Jacob street, New York, S. W. Green, Printer, Nos. 10 and 18 Jacob street, New York, S. W. Green, Printer, Nos. 10 and 18 Jacob street, New York, S. W. Green, Printer, Nos. 10 and 18 Jacob street, New York, S. W. Green,

# THE HOBOKEN BIGAMY CASE.

Martin Pakenham, an inmate of the Huds County Jail since Saturday evening, when he was arrested on a charge of bigamy (as stated in yesterday's

HEHALD reporter:—
"I am employed at Solomon & Maby's shoe store, at at No. 20 Warren street, New York, and have worked for them about two years. Previous to coming to this country, which I did in 1867, I resided for ten years in London, working at my trade in Hosiery lane and the cast end of the town. In London I made the acthe east end of the town. In London I made the acquaintanceship of Margaret Shea, a servant girl employed by Mr. Jacobson, a jeweller, whose shop was situated near No. 400 Strand. We came to New York and lived at No. 309 Pearl street. In 1850 my wife proved herself such a maniac that, to save the life of our child, I had her committed to save the life of our child, I had her committed to save the life of our child, I had her committed to save in the life of our child, I had her committed to the booken. I admit I have passed her off as my wife, but decline to state if we were married or not. That has got to be brought out on the trial. Well, when she came out of the Lunatic Asylum on the island I took her back, and the life she led me with her mad capers was so infernal that I had her committed to the lunatic asylum from Hoboken, and she spent three years in Trenton. When she came out, cured, as the doctors said, I took her home. One night I came home and found her about to carry out a threat she had made of pouring a Restle full of boiling hot water on our child. This was the 21st of February, 1875. I had her arrested and Recorder Bohnsted committed her as a lunatic to Snake Hill, where, for all I know to the contrary, she now is. What I have undergone with my lunatic helpmate nobody knows. I have been living since my marriago in November last in Mr. Givitt's house, in Clinton street. Formerly I lived at No. 247 First street, Hoboken. My wife is taking care of the child.

Sergeant Edmonston, of the Hoboken police force, contirms the prisoner's story as to his wife's lunacy, and says that she used to make attempts to leave her home dreased in her night clothes. quaintanceship of Margaret Shea, a servant girl em-

### RUN OVER AND KILLED

ISLIF, L. I., April 8, 1877. Albert Young, of Sayville, L. I., was run over and killed by a train on the Long Island Railroad at Oak-dale on Saturday evening. Coroner Preston, of Amity-ville, is holding an inquest.

### A DEPOSITOR'S INQUIRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:-

Noticing in an evening paper that the first received called to a strict accounting, will not, while the case is moving, the present receiver make a statement of its adares that will show what is left, if anything, for an anglous DEPORTOR?